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THOUGHTS FROM SCRIPTURE:

BY

R. Y. READ.

"I will incline mine ear unto the parable; and show my dark speech upon the harp."—Ps. xlix. 4.

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Thoughts from Scripture.

THE EXPULSION.

A long farewell, ye plains of Paradise!
Farewell, ye golden peaks, that now
Put on the accustomed liveries of morn!
And thou, great Sun! whose beams no more shall light
A sacred solitude of love and peace!
And onward, all is desolate—no streams
Of pure and sparkling crystal cheer the view:
Not Eden's verdure paints the wilderness!
But even now behold, where he descends,
The Angel of the Lord!

And not as once
He came, with mild and calm beatitude:
But girt with all the panoply of power,
Out of the armory of God; in his right hand
The sword of terror flames afar—and on
His brow, the lightnings of a wrath above,
Are all reflected. See! he motions now
That we should haste; and points our way
Along those wilds, where towering Caucasus
Is seen;—and the dark Caspian's surging shores
Are sounding on the ear!

ABEL.

Has the wide earth a wilderness so dark—
A fastness so secure, as to conceal
Me from this conscience? Oh! it preys
And burns within me like a torturing flame,
And now forever calls down retribution;
Crying the name of Abel in my ears—
Abel! Abel! I hear it in the wind;
And I, an outcast, shunn'd by all my race,
Shall fly to hide the brandings of my crime:
Oh, whither? Earth beneath, and Heaven above
Pursue me with the vengeance of their wrath;
All Nature points to Abel's bleeding corpse;
And here, even on this spot, in childhood once
We played together.

Oh! the fearful sting,
That arms death now, he had not once—
The double curse is mine; and all my steps
Are red with Abel's blood!

But hark, it thunders!

BABEL.

The pile ascends !—and elevates the fame
Of Nimrod ! See, the strong memorial stands,
All co-eternal as the skies !
Aye, what
Is life—is man ? A being, or a mere existence ?
A conscience of the present, or the high
Ethereal aspiration of a God !

Behold the power—the majesty of rule !
Yon thousands, that with prompt ascent,
Climb the dark pinnacles of Shinar's tower,
And look like pigmies in the distant height,
Combine their fleshly energies, beneath
The eye of one authority.

Unknowing else, they live to make ONE great.
The very infant learns to lisp the name ;
And blushing maidens string their harps
Unto my glory ! Even age is mute
To hear me speak, and stoops as I go by !

But, list ! what clamor murmurs on my ear,
And wakes the echoes of those galleries ?
Is it acclaim ? or do they celebrate
The anniversary of victory ?
Nay ! nay ! another sound is waking now—
Aye ! see—they arm ! 'Tis all confusion—Now

The arches ring with battle. Oh ! 'tis *power* ;
'Tis man's rebellion, and 'tis God's response :
The assertion of His irrefragable
And solitary rule ! As many as
My slaves were, are my masters now—
As many censors, and as many deaths !
Oh, to escape ! Oh, for a tower to reach the skies !
Where—where—shall Hope now build ?

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

See ! yonder are the Cities of the Plain,
In dark and ashy ruin ! And their smoke
Is yet ascending into the blue heaven,
From whence Destruction rained its terrors down !
O, night of Death ! when Pride was pale with fear,
And Luxury beheld its gloomy doom !
When Riot fell before the Almighty's shaft ;
And Life was disenchanted of its hope !
Long will the journeying companies that pass
This way, lament—remembering Sodom's fall !

There ! where once
The weary camel, bending on his scorching way,
Turn'd for repose—now rise the fumes of death :
And that fair Sun, that rose each morn, to gild
The glittering tops of fanes and palaces,
Sheds its pale halo o'er a charnel-house—
Where never mourner seeks a kinsman's tomb :
And not a tear bedews the burning plain,
Gomorrha stood !

O, visitation dire !
O, fearful anger of offended Heaven !
Here, on earth's surface, is the dismal mark
Of man's impenitence ! And here, are all
The characters of last despair !

Weep not !
Lest such a doom as overtook Lot's wife,
Seal up thy pity in the wilderness,
As silent as that monument of sin !

ISHMAEL.

He faints! Oh, Ishmael, my only hope!
My dearest boy!
Heaven! save my son—he dies!
Here in the wilderness—exiled and lorn;
Be Thou my succor and my staff!
Rise, Ishmael, rise!—A little further on,
And Providence, in mercy, may vouchsafe
A fountain of salvation and of strength;
Alas! Alas!
Far as the eye can scan,
Nothing of hope is seen—an outstretched sea
Of rocks and sand lays weary on the view—
The red horizon, glowing with the heat,
Sinks on the heart, and bounds the spirit's flight;
And Hope returns dejected to her cell!
Then, rest thee here, my son! these gather'd herbs,
Let me but lay beneath thy head; and shade
The Sun's rays from thy glassy eyes,
Beneath their poor embowerment. Ishmael,
The first-born of a royal sire—the child
Of Abraham, the friend of God, farewell!
I cannot—may not wait, and see thee die!
Alone and wretched, let me steal away.
She may do this, whose tears the depth
Of all her misery, and her shame,
Have dried up from their deepest source—
The outcast Hagar may do this!

MORIAH.

Nay! strike not—'tis sufficient, Abraham!
I ask thee not for such a sacrifice!
Sufficient, that a father's heart has not denied
His son—his only son.
Stay!—stay thine hand!
God *will* provide an offering for himself.
O thou, of mighty faith, whose outstretch'd arm
Is raised triumphant and untremblingly,
Beholding God, and all his power above!
And from thy brow dispel the agony,
Whose lines yet mark the contest of the soul!

Such pre-expectant faith as this had he,
Who in the days of yore, beheld the flood,
While a world slept unconscious of its doom!
And *when* its vengeance Heaven rained on earth,
Rose safely on the wave! The altar, see
Where Isaac lies! It is a type of things
To come. For thus mankind, involved in sin,
Bound to the wood and ready to be slain;
Shall find the Saviour near as is the ram,
That struggles there—entangled by its horns,
In yonder thicket; yea, and in his seed,
Shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.
And now, I know, thou fearest God; because
Thou hast not disobey'd my voice—nor hast
Withheld thy son, thine only son from me!

HARAN.

The sun is setting !
Here shall I rest my weary limbs. And here,
From home—from kindred—from my country far,
In the embrace of dark and silent Night,
Let Sleep await the Morn !

And see ! the Heavens open—from whose gates
Long flights of steps are leading upon earth,
Crowded with glorious hosts of angels, all
On various and important embassies,
Ascending and descending ! From within
The courts of Heaven, distant music comes ;
And as each angel passes at its light,
Another radiance glitters on his wings,
And seraphs' voices float in murmurs down !
Jacob ! behold—in long descent from thee,
Thus shall thy race be among men—
Amidst them shall the ministers of peace,
And the proclaimers of God's word appear—
Time SHALL not overthrow its solid pile,
Until Jehovah shall Himself descend
With His last message. Then the glorious way
Shall dim and darken, as the son of him
Who sleeps in Haran shall approach ; and night
Shall close upon his steps when He ascends !
Though grey morn wake another world, as now
It steals upon thy stony pillow !

THE RETURN TO CANAAN.

My son! my son! Or Israel, do thine eyes
Weak and uncertain with old age, discern
Aright?
Yes! thou art great in Egypt;
The land to which thy brothers exiled THEE,
A Hebrew slave—has raised thee unto honor,
And robed thy name and reputation with
Respect!
To Joseph, HE, on whom they laid
Their murderous hands, they go for food and life!
And say; is Benjamin, (who, next to thee,
Is most beloved—the child of my old age;)
Is Benjamin thy brother well?
For thee,
And thy misfortune, time hath heavily pressed
Upon my failing limbs!—Behold, my brow
Is furrowed with the traces of despair!
Here, on my sunken eyes is lingering yet
The glare of dark imagination's hue—
Which saw thy dread calamity.
'Twas night,
When Judah rushed in wildly, as thou now,
Bearing the terrors of thy blood-stained coat,
And bleached a father's locks with anguish!
God,
The God of Abraham, of Isaac, and
Of Israel, bless thee!

Joseph (for on thee
My tottering infirmities recline,)
Now, to another land—another home,
Where plenty lives, lead on! lead on!
A little longer, and I go the way
Of all mortality!

THE INFANT MOSES.

Poor child! how hath thy wakening innocence found
So cold a rest?
Take the young Hebrew up!
And she who laid thee in thy little ark,
Her eye still watches o'er thee and is proud
To look upon thee even here!
It is
A mother's care! Oh, in this life, but one—
One common sympathy is there—Enough,
It has a mother! She of a despised
And persecuted race: whose bondage seems
To prompt but inhumanity's cold breath,
To strip their abject nature of its last
And deepest—most heart-searching hope!
O, strange impiety! O, violence
To nature's law, what doth thy madness dare?
List, Pharaoh, then—'tis what thou dar'st
Not hear!
Aye! in that sound, perchance may wake
A thunder that will shake thy throne!
Shackles
May bind the arms and manacle the feet—
But are not on the heart! Pride! pride is there.
The sunniest satellite that shines beneath thy favor,
Wears not his manhood half so high, as does
The slave that rears the monument, thy fame
Denies thee!
Yes! it is a mother's step!

ISRAEL'S BONDAGE.

See yonder Hebrew on his patient way
Towards the pyramid !

In abject chains he plies his daily labor ;
And shall I—bound by the common ties
Of country, kindred, language, name? Shall I,
A mere automaton in Pharoah's court,
Stand silently and witness this ? Forbid it,
Heaven !

Perchance my father bends beneath the burden—
Or she who bore me writhes beneath the lash
Of some mean son of Egypt, who doth call
Me "lord."
For in some rebel province born,
Report hath given me this humble origin—
That I escaping by a mother's care
The massacre of all the infant males,
Was found by Pharoah's daughter—
Further,
I know not—all is mystery ! Pharoah frowns
Whene'er I touch upon a chord so bound
Up in my every impulse, thought, and hope.
'Tis wretchedness—but added to, by all
The pomp and glitter that surrounds me here.

Ye men of Canaan—slaves no more, arise !
Know, from that land we have derived

Our first extraction, as we now our hope!
I saw the shackled hand that trembling drew
The ancient manuscript out from its place
Of secresy, nerve to display the tale:
And fiery energy was written on that eye,
Which spake another tongue, than words can utter.

Who comes there? Slave, let no one enter!
I would be alone! Meanwhile, bring hither
Reeds and papyrus!
Voices are without—
And I am overheard: and what if so,
Our feelings will be loud! And louder yet
Shall their expression be—Egypt shall cry,
And Araby shall echo to their voice!
All HEAVEN shall witness when man asserts
That he is Man!
Again—conspiracy
Is whispered! Fly I must, and Israel,
Be thou my refuge! Pharoah! be thou
My adversary—Hope shall never die,
While the soul lives that gave it birth!
'Tis well!
What news! Doth the Nile rise yet? Is Thebes
quelled?

THE NINTH PLAGUE.

O dreadful darkness!
Where art thou, great Sun?
And thou, soft Moon, with all the starry host
Of Heaven?
Earth wanders from the abodes of Light
Into Night's silent chambers!
Isis! wake:
Canst thou not answer thine adorer's prayer,
And send one ray into these aching eyes?
Thou, Priest! what saith the oracle?
O Nile:
Father of streams, how flowest thou in dim—
And dark—and death-like majesty!
Or ye,
Who inhabitest its sacred shores—Orus
And Anubis—refresh me with one star,
That I may fix my eyes upon its light
And die!
But even now, I stumble mid
The tombs. Oh! doubly full of horrors seem
This house of our departed ancestry!
Egyptia! land of sorrow, what strong Power
Hath met thee in its vengeance? What red arm
Pursues thee with its arrows from above?
Ye dead—thou, thou alone canst sympathize
At such a time—thy dull lips are all rife
With eloquence and consolation mute!
The cold ear is full patient! Even these

Thy sombre cerements well appear to suit
The rise of such a melancholy morn!
Hear'st thou the wailings as they come upon
The bleak and fitful winds from Pharoah's palace?
Ye trod those halls in hours of mirth and hope.
'Tis now another home for thee—the shroud
Of Death is o'er the living!
Speak! who comes?
Some wretched wandering son of Egypt,
Seeking perchance a child—a wife—a friend!
But no! another bolder step bespeaks
A different object—some high officer
Of state, I ween, attended by his guard,
Goes his accustomed circuit!
Yet, 'tis not the tongue
Of Egypt; but in consultation deep,
More nearly I distinguish them to be
The restless and rebellious Hebrews!

THE RED SEA.

The sky is blackening, and it lightens! Stay!
Pursue we them no further! Israel's God
Doth fight against us!
Hark, the waves
Are bursting loudly on the distance—
Yea! see upon the right and left appears
A fringe of white foam where the horizon stretches
Itself, as far as Sinai's rugged base is seen
Rising upon the yellow coasts of Edom!

See! Pharoah's chariot now is flying—all
Misraim's host is in confusion! Men—
And horses broken from their charioteers,
All madly rushing past!
And now again,
The close waves rumor of their coming—Hush!
The brain swims as they curl around us! Where—
Oh where, is now escape—Ye deaf—and dumb—
Ye powerless idols of the Egyptian! here
I last invoke thee! Be our refuge midst
The waters! Stop the Red Sea's roar!
O Hate!
Even in death: the Israelite behold!
Afar, thou canst distinguish him, as each
Flash shines above the waves! He signs on high
His followers in their triumph—
Once raise then,
O fellow soldier, thy last look—and die!

SINAI.

Here on the silent brow of Sinai,
While night enrobes the earth, and Heaven
Is gemmed with stars—Here on this throne of Nature,
Fit emblem of Almighty power, I seek
The presence of the Lord!
Dark hour of awe,
When angels offer up their holiest thoughts:
And Prayer is mute in Heaven. When all aloft,
The bright exulting band of seraphs swing
The censers of their adoration!
And
Beneath, the host of Israel in their camp
Are wrapt in slumber—save where walks
The solitary watch, counting the hours
Till morning.
Around, and afar there lies
Like an unending load upon the eye
And heart, the outstretched solitude
Of Sin's inhospitable waste.
O Great
And merciful Jehovah, condescend
To answer me, thy servant, from above!

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Hark! war's confusion rises on the ear—
What madness hath o'ertaken Israel?
But no—'tis not the sound of triumphing,
The shriekings of the vanquished are not there!
The notes—they are of revelry, are strange;
And hymns unholy make the echoes jar!

Alas, the Idol! Father, now appears
The fountain of thy sadness, whose unknown
And silent agony has held the mute—
And moistened all my steps.
But oh, let not
Thine anger kindle at the sin. Remember:
God hath revealed His overseeing Power,
And hath beheld the foul rebellion,
Before thy mortal eye hath frowned upon it!

NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

The trumpet's signal sounds to march! and lo!
The fiery cloud is moving in the van—
Rolling along in thunder! Israel,
Awake, and on!
It is the dead of night—
Mother, my eyes are heavy: let me sleep!

Better it is to see the starry hours
Of dark and solemn midnight pace o'erhead,
And keep time with our fainting footsteps—than
To bear the sun's distressing load by day.
Already have the Levites with the ark
Passed on; and now the solitary bell
Of Judah's foremost camel strikes the ear.
Arise, my son, we journey to the land
Of promise, where our great forefather's lived;
Abraham—and Isaac—and Israel—

But see! It is a dreary wilderness:
When shall our wanderings be past?
I dreamed
I saw a band of holy cherubim
Bearing a cross in the skies! And she,
My sister, whom we left upon the sands
Of desert Sin, was there.

The Drama of Redemption.

"I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." St. Luke, xv. 18—19.

CHORUS OF THE FALLEN.

The stars may be effaced,
  And Night may scale the Sun ;
The winged Hours may rest,
  And Heaven's race be run.

But Fate knows no repeal,
  And Time knows no return—
The Earth flies on its wheel,
  And trembles to its bourne !

But still with hollow footsteps, what
  Sheeted spectre starts,
The echoes of dark Thought,
  Through our immortal hearts ?

Image of WHAT TO BE?
  What fond thing
In dim Futurity,
  Doth tempt thy restless wing?

All free to roam,
  As wide and far,
As Earth has a home:
  Or Heaven a star!

When old Nile sleeps
  In shadeless light—
On the icy deeps
  Of the northern night.

Hark! what tempests on high
  Are answering loud:
Whose thunders reply,
  Like the voice of the cloud.

Yea! see where Death,
  With fiery hair,
And burning breath,
  Brightens the air!

DEATH.

Yield thou Earth!

EARTH.

Deeply through my frame
A shuddering horror runs—I see no more!
Cruel tyrant, thy barbed arrow pierced
My vitals. Oh! the pain—the misery—
It is intolerable: reach hither
Thy red hand and relieve me—there, I rest.
Chaotic and confounded let me lie,
And feed upon the memory of the past;
Where, living in another life, I still
May linger in existence!

DEATH.

Canst thou think?
Or hath my quiver spent its arrows? Rest then
In the new being I have given thee! Feel
Thou art!

EARTH.

But Oh! the contest hath been long—
The shadows of eternity fall one by one
Upon me—and the droppings of my life
Have marked Creation! Take, Death, thy foot
From off me!

DEATH.

It is sweet to be victorious!

EARTH.

Unsympathizing o'er the fallen?

DEATH.

Yea!

EARTH.

Of the last remnant of my glory stripped—
Locked in the stillness of profound despair:
Help, ye Heavens! Unbar the caverns of
My soul; where once thy pleasures crowded in
Upon my sense—in things and shapes of bliss,
Or canst thou not hear?

DEATH.

Aye, it hears, and hath
Beheld—unpitying!

EARTH.

Heaven, hear my cries,
And lend me thy assistance 'gainst my foe,
Who hath prevailed to smite and cast me down!

THE SUN.

Whence comes the imploring voice—that reaches far
Through all creation?

LIGHT.

Is it not the Earth's?
From whence it comes, I know not. It is lost

THE SUN.

Not so—Search all the wide extremes of Night!
Some enemy hath o'ercome it.

LIGHT.

It is lost—
I cannot reach it on my boldest wing.
Lost irrecoverably!

THE SUN.

Canst thou not?
There is that can. It is, and must be found!

EARTH.

Unheard! unheard!

REDEMPTION.

Not so—I love thee. Love
Can hear when Light itself is blind! Stand off,
My enemy!

DEATH.

Who art thou?

REDEMPTION.

Thou shalt know!
Arm—for from hence we fight: and either falls!
Aye, thou art wounded—'twas the self-same arrow
That pierced the Earth!

DEATH.

Unslain and unsubdued!
I still shall keep my conquest! Thou art strong,
But Earth is weak—and serpentinely I
Shall coil myself within its womb, until
Thy creatures shall be mine!

REDEMPTION.

Traitor!

DEATH.

To whom?

LIGHT.

Rejoice O Heaven! The lost Earth hath been found,
Redemption's love hath solved the mystery!

HEAVEN.

'Tis His!

LIGHT.

It fell by Death—beneath whose feet
It hath been trampled. Once it was the pride
Of Heaven! It cried to thee.

HEAVEN.

My purpose is
All deaf and dark. And now the wonder is
For all the universe to look into:
'Tis grand but 'tis inexplicable. 'Tis
Such love as never hath been known by thee:
Yet thou art sympathy itself—go view it!

LIGHT.

Behold!

EARTH.

I see!

LIGHT.

Again thou'rt beautiful.

EARTH.

And happy! I am loved—

LIGHT.

And love is life!

EARTH.

I hear the voices of the singing birds,
And see the smiling skies all blue above:
The fresh and rippling waters bathe my bosom,
And breezes gentle float across my brow.

LIGHT.

I love to sit upon the vestal clouds,
And watch creation!

EARTH.

Fruits and flowers send up
Their incense into Heaven—The dawn is grand :
The skies are orange, pink and violet !

THE SUN.

Hail Earth !

LIGHT.

Behold!

EARTH.

I see!

LIGHT.

Again thou'rt beautiful.

EARTH.

And happy! I am loved—

LIGHT.

And love is life!

EARTH.

I hear the voices of the singing birds,
And see the smiling skies all blue above:
The fresh and rippling waters bathe my bosom,
And breezes gentle float across my brow.

LIGHT.

I love to sit upon the vestal clouds,
And watch creation!

Divest him of the last? His sway is still o'er all:
Man totters with infirmities; and soon
Sinks into nothing! Even to the floweret,
He breathes upon all hope and life—and lo,
It languisheth and falls!

REDEMPTION.

Falls to renew itself!
And though he tramples upon every hope,
Another Hope shall spring from their decay.

DEATH.

Hope—'tis a dream!

EARTH.

It seemeth so, indeed!

REDEMPTION.

Earth, art thou still rebellious as when they—
The angels lost their first estate with thee?
Mortality is Death's inheritance:
But Immortality is the great prize
Which I have won but not as yet possessed.
Man looks upon my glory—and beholds
That which no angel ever hath conceived.
Death: we meet again!

DEATH.

I wish it not! Darkness
Delights me more.

EARTH.

The Sun goes down! Alas!
Where shall I hide the body of my child?

THE SUN.

What hangs around the Earth?

LIGHT.

Death and his shadow
Darkness!

THE SUN.

Goes it to its burial!

LIGHT.

Not yet—
Eight remain. Faith enables it to stand!

The foe hath fastened all its doors upon me—
I cannot gain admittance.

THE SUN.

It is well!
As is the Power so mighty is the Faith!
Love hath a light that shines amid destruction;
The eye that found the lost star, watches it—
The arm that won it can defend, and bear
It up against the onsets of all foes!

THE DEATH OF DEATH.

HEAVEN.

The Earth must die ! It groweth still
More wicked and profane !

DEATH.

What hast Thou there
That causes Thee one thought ?

HEAVEN.

Redemption !

DEATH.

And,
Doth it too die ?

HEAVEN.

Earth is condemned—Go, do
The execution of my sentence there !

REDEMPTION.

Stand! for thou comest no further.

DEATH.

Earth is mine—
Or Thou!

REDEMPTION.

The Earth shall never be thy victim!

DEATH.

It is the will of Heaven!

REDEMPTION.

Do its behest!
Yonder the temple stands—We are on Calvary!
Rememb'rest not, I said, we meet again?

THE SUN.

Heaven suffers—or the agonies of Nature
Involve me! All my limbs are palsied!
My eyes are dim, as though it were with age;
And blackness wreathes my brows. Alas! Alas!
Selene, my fair sister, where art thou?
I see thee not! Amid the horrors of
The night, thou ever wast my company:
I loved to look upon thee and behold
The milder image of my brightness. Wake!
And say what charm has bound thee in its chain
Of darkness! Dissipate this dreadful dream!

LIGHT.

Where art thou, glorious Sun—'Tis thy abode:
The home of splendor, now in mourning hung,
Sheds sorrow o'er my heart—

THE SUN.

Sweet Light, I hear
Thy voice! Whence comest thou? From what extreme
Of wide Creation?

LIGHT.

I last left the Earth
Where I have been within its depths—have seen

And searched the mysteries of its womb:
While all its graves have opened their cold doors,
And given me admittance—Yea, their pale
Inhabitants have waked, and walked in view!

EARTH.

Light! where art thou?

LIGHT.

Here! I ever stand in
The presence of Great Heaven. Who doth call me?

EARTH.

I, Earth!

LIGHT.

See'st thou now thy darkness? 'Tis
Most horrible!

EARTH.

It is the image of—

LIGHT.

Thyself! Thy nature!—which is lost
And given to the power of Death. I am
The WANT—Who knows me wants me! Upon whom
I shine, a day breaks which shall set no more.

EARTH.

I know not! Heaven—Heaven hath forsaken me.

LIGHT.

Would'st thou, then, know me?

EARTH.

Aye! I thirst for thee:
Let me but see the stars!

LIGHT.

Thou shalt see more!

EARTH.

Nay—shine not! Lo, the blood-spots are upon me!
And Heaven may view it.

THE SUN.

The hour is nigh accomplished!
I have worn out my pathway in the skies
Through the long lapse of time unto this hour!
The Hour of Promise and of Hope! I hold
The dial of thy life—What dost thou read?

EARTH.

Darkness and mourning! They are fit
And seeming robes: I feel the chills of Death
Creep over me, as when its dreadful power
O'erthrew me first, and buried me in chaos!

DEATH.

Again thy life is in my hands!

EARTH.

Redemption!

REDEMPTION.

It is finished!

EARTH.

It is Redemption's voice !

THE SUN.

It is the voice of Heaven !

DEATH.

Then to the struggle !
It is the marriage day of Light and Darkness—
Despair shall dance while loud Destruction wakes
Her jarring thunders through the air.

EARTH.

The veil
Is rent ! I hear the trampings of the conflict !
I hear Redemption's battle-cry, "The Cross !"

THE SUN.

And hark ! What shouts and noise of triumphing
There is above ! Canst thou hear, Earth ?

EARTH.

Yea, for
Death's mighty body falls upon my bosom !

HYMN OF THE STARS.

Angels now descending o'er us,
  Leave their mansions in the sky—
Joining in a joyful chorus,
  Lute and harp and psaltery!

Over Heaven's summits marching
  Through the deserts of all space;
Towards the dark dome overarching
  Our eternal resting place.

Hark! the song of triumph ringing,
  Opens Heaven to the sight—
Angel voices ever singing
  Welcome to the realms of Light!

Linked by bonds no power can sever,
  Higher than Hope's highest flight;
On the wings of Beauty ever
  Circling through the infinite!

Wider now, the echoes breaking
  Through our vaulted halls on high:
Bear the breath of Glory's waking—
  Lute and harp and psaltery!

NOTE.—The preceding Poem is an Allegory based upon the analogies of nature, as connected with, and shadowing forth our Future Hope, purchased for us in the mysteries of sacrificial love.

Gleams through the Oriel.

"I am the light of the world."

RESURRECTION.

But even now, the heaven-descended Soul—
Its drooping pinions wet with mourner's tears—
Is hovering o'er the citadel it so late left;
Expectant on the WORD which shall unbar
Its iron doors—unseal the fountain, where
The frosts of Death had chained the bounding pulse,
Which circled in its never-tiring waltz,
To the fond flowing measures of young Hope!
But hush!—the instrument has found its sound:
His touch wakes music slumbering in the air,
And opes the windows of the soul in smiles:
As when the tears of heaven brighten up
Before Apollo's glance, and robe the storm.
She lives! she lives!—the echo of that voice!
She heard the WORD "*Arise!*" and only slept.

THE JEWISH CHURCH.

An *image* dim
Of coming glory: when in mid-day Light,
Its types and shadows should all fly—
And *Faith* should pass the OBJECT on the wings
Of years, and in long retrospect behold
The beacon LIGHT hung from the Throne of Grace,
Till Gentiles should approach the Light: and kings
Attend the brightness of its rising—yea,
The Light is come! HIS glory is upon thee!

PEACE.

In front appeared with coronet enwreathed
With olive—He, the bright-eyed Harbinger—
Peace, wide proclaiming the approach of GOD
Far as his clarion rang, the stars among;
A thousand echoes answered, "Peace on earth!
Good will to men!"

REDEMPTION.

Sorrow was on His brow, mingled with thorns !
Where, in the semblance of a crown, dark Hate
Had wreathed herself to agonize His peace.
And now, with sleepless watchings and the scourge,—
With heavy care depressed,—His manly form
Was robed (O, cruel scorn !) in regal pomp
And purple mockery ! and in his right
He held a reed, the representative
Of mimic state,—who sways the powers of Heaven !

And is not this enough ? What deepest sin
Has waked the ire of that barbarian hand
To smite His unresenting cheek ? What cause
Most foul, has led so meek a majesty
To suffer shame and spitting on ? What deed
Has merited those bitterest of taunts,
And sheath'd the venom'd arrow in His soul ?
And canst thou not withhold this last revenge ?—
Bending with misery—overcome with wo—
But a few hours and on the streaming cross
His weariness and pilgrimage is past.

MERCY.

But see!—the angel winds are springing up;
And waking Ocean wears a thousand smiles—
Hark! they come laden with the voice of praise,
Which on their spirit wings is raised to heaven!
The Dove has found an earnest of her peace!
And says His mercy rests again on earth;
Love fills the air—and brightly from above,
Heaven takes her gracious steps.

LOVE.

And scattering fragrance round her gracious steps,
The rose and myrtle mingled on her brow:
While all divested of her herself—she mused
Of an unhallowed world! In her right hand,
With artless witchery, she bore on high
The promises of Hope; and Pallas-like,
Upheld the egis of salvation—whose broad disk
Bore the inscription, Faith: in witness of
Her firm and fearless mien—and truth undying!

ATONEMENT.

Conspicuous from the Cross he bore aloft
Triumphant, (while its radiance streamed
Far through the empyrean : and wild shouts
Of joy rose at the glorious spectacle,)
The angel of ATONEMENT, cypress-wreathed,
With thoughtful pace and purpose high, appeared
In blood-red vesture ! And his mood bespoke
Sad care and deep responsibility.
The insignia of mock royalty he bore,
And DEATH was written on his marble brow,
And AGONY upon his bloodless lip.
Upon his standard was the CURSE inscribed,
And angels bowed their knees to Man's DISDAIN !

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

But she whose strong foundations are in heaven,
Fears no contingency ; and her relationship
To shadowy Hope of Earth is only held
By distant ties, and the resemblance vague,

POWER.

But oh! what magic armed that WORD with Power—
Bound the Tornado's strength, and chained the Seas?
While Echo stood attentive on the hills,
To see what spell had smoothed the madness there,
And rivetted her sister wave: what WORD
Had touched the chord, uniting in the air
Nature's unseen and mystic sympathies!

COMMUNION.

And there, behold,
The lovely fruitage of the tree of Life,
Once forfeited by man in Paradise!
By man, rebelious to the will of Heaven—
Himself forever lost.—Till gracious Love
Restores the holy boon, and reinstates
Him from the depths of dark Despair and Death,
To intimate communion with the skies!

THE JUDGMENT.

Descending in the clouds of Heaven, and
Surrounded with the armies of the skies—
Cherubim and Seraphim!—Glorious,
Most glorious His array! Compared to which,
The panoplies of earth, and all its splendor,
Fade like the stars beneath Aurora's steps!
A crown encircled with the gems that glow
In heavenly Golcondas, on His brow
Caught Light, and dress'd her in a thousand hues!
His snowy robe, bleach'd in the Sun of Heav'n,
Turn'd Innocence to blushes. And His zone,
Woven with gold more precious the Earth's,
Paled the blue beauty of the firmament!

But hark! had Music e'er such melodies—
Heaven stands in wonder lost:—whose angel choir,
Chaunting the minstrelsy of Triumph, throng his way;
While Echo from her cloudy throne responds!—
"Glory and Praise and everlasting Power
Be unto Him, who cometh with His saints,
To judge the world!"

KNOWLEDGE.

So He—the Light of Light—rose on the world—
Upon incomprehending darkness rose—
The darkness of the Mind! While Nature knew
Her ancient sympathy .... and quick as thought
The rayless orbs caught brilliance from the sun
In vivid attestation of the WORD—
The Sun of Righteousness ... "*Receive thy sight!*"

"JESUS WEPT."

What meaneth it, that He should weep—
Who broke the fetters of the Powers of Hell—
Proclaimed emancipation to the tongue—
And gave the imprisoned Light its liberty!
Whose WORD revoked the edict of the grave,
And set the majesty of Death at nought,
Who was the Resurrection and the Life.

THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

And now the first dawn of the GOD of Hope,
Startles the sentinel on Zion's hill;
Where centuries have rolled, and only heard
The Moslem calling at the morning's sun,
On Allah, or the lying prophet's name.
Where once the crescent in its native ray
Alone was glittering, now the moon looks down
Upon her Archetype, the Church of CHRIST;
And sees the Hope of Israel in the Cross!

Already are the unbound Angels rising, and
The typical Euphrates drying up
Its springs, to make the passage clear.
Already has the blood-red signal past,
That flamed from the Destroyer's path—He that
With sword for pen, in characters of blood,
Inscribed his Epic on Europa's page!

Already see! the sea-sprung Hercules,
Britannia's isle, like CHRIST'S own pioneer,
Armed for her hundred toils, is going forth:
Lengthening the Church's chords, and fastening
Her stakes upon the far ends of the earth.
Awake! put on thy beautiful attire,
And loose again the bands from off thy neck,
O captive Daughter of Jerusalem!

FAITH.

The last—the best—
The only confidence and refuge for the heart,
When taught by Disappointment to appraise
The airy nothings of a changeful world.
Here is the Soul's retreat, and tired Conceit
Drops her vizor—and the gloom of Sorrow
Falls to allow the lights of Heaven—Joy,
Peace, Consolation, Hope—an easier glow.

Here turns the Christian's eye: where mingle not
The shades of doubt, its fair serenity
To mar—or leave its outline dark and dim.
For when the soul's low aspirations lie
Baffled and prostrate, Heavenly Hope will mount
And mingle with the stars—her mighty charge
To pilot safely into port at last;
In Him, on whom the Heart reposed its hope,
The burden of its weakness and its cares;
On whom the more we lay, the more He bears—
The more our sins, the wider is His shield.
Who is that HOPE whose seed immortal was
First sown in Israel—in the Church to germ,
And bloom into the Tree of Life above!

THE SOUL.

'Tis
The first step towards immortality.
Even here the mighty change is being wrought
Within us—Here our Incorruption tells:
Eats, drinks, and strengthens into Life,
And feels a self-existence beyond Time—
Invests its nakedness in golden Robes,
And seems at home within the Court of GOD!

THE SACRAMENTAL CUP.

No fabled nectar here—'tis angels' draught:
Sweeter than fountains by Hymettus flowing!
But pause—and drink not ere thy thoughts repose
On Him, who sanctified the generous grape
With memories divine! and clothe the soul
In holy costume, for His PRESENCE meet;
Before whose Light the Seraph veils his face!

THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY.

Without thee, all was chaos to the eye:
Shapes beautiful are born beneath thy touch,
Thou Light! Divine enchantress of each rock,
And ruin multiform, and orb and cube
Complete. Clothed in thy living mystery,
Nature embodies Art in her soft grace,
Fast as the sculptor's chisel woos her steps,
And binds her to Apollo's deathless form!

And so there is
Within the mind a beauty only seen,
Because alone transmitted by the EYE
Of Heaven—varied and ever changing as
The sympathies of Light: but only three,
Its elements—Faith, Hope, and Love—Colors
Which mingle heavenly beauty when combined!

CELESTIAL HARMONY.

Hark, yonder! 'tis no earthly strain—for Love,
Heaven's sweet Musician, takes her lyre;
And all her fondest harmony inspires,
To aid their angel tongues. And Hope is heard
To sing; while all the enchanted air replies:
And Joy assists to echo HEAVEN down!

TRUTH.

Brightness of Heaven! from whom the constant sun,
As its unfailing fountain, draws supply:
And lends, in turn, a distant antitype—
A feeble image of the same: so Thou
Enlightenest all the Providence of God!

THE INCARNATION.

And He, the Man born in the flesh—and seen
In this our body, bore the beautiful
Expression of the Highest: and echo-like
Descended, representing God above
Invested with the glories of his church!

THE PASSION.

Deep in the last removes of wickedness,
The still beloved of Heaven lay entranced
By Satan: and abandoned by that smile
Whose last ray fell upon the brow of Eve,
Turning a last and lingering look to bid
A long farewell to Paradise and Heaven!

THE CROSS.

Our living and eternal Faith—For He
That led the way, bore opposition down,
Rifled his terrors and unmasked the foe—
Burst the dark barriers of the grave—and struck
In twain the bondage of the iron Curse.
He forced the Citadel of Hell to yield,
And left its walls dismantled! Hark! 'tis He
Cries "On!" Then raise the standard high—
Red with Redemption—brighter than the dye
Of Tyre! Pursue its echoes through the breach
Where forlorn Hope expires beneath HER Light—
Whose morning star sheds day upon the heart—
Encircled with the armor of His Love—
And fighting in the glory of His name,
Our conquering Lord has won: His soldiers all
Must follow fast—successive into Heaven!

THE ASCENSION.

Then with our last and perishing existence,
And wearing on his god-like front the badge
Of condemnation; He ascended far
Beyond the palace of Orion and the skies,
Where the lost Pleiad holds her lonely court!

MUSIC.

Roused by the spirits of the breeze,
  Her bass, the trumpet peal of Heaven—
Her treble, Nature's melodies:
  And hark! her anthem sung
Amid the spheres, whose choral seven
  Dance to the witchery of her tongue.

Her voices are a thousand strings,
  Whose Heaven-born bliss
Awakes our bosoms from terrestrial things:—
And Psyche upon angel's wings,
  Escapes to Paradise.

ASPIRATION.

So upwards to Hyperion's star,
That sinks beneath the West!
    Jove's Bird of war,
To bathe his wings in seas of light,
And catch the last rays on his golden crest,
    Leaves the dim shades of Night,
    And soars to glory in his lofty flight.

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